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FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

ANGELS *(Page 1)*

Since 1949 the purpose of Fellowship in Prayer is to promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice, and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

CONTENTS Volume 30 / No 6 / December 1979 - January 1980

1 **Angels** by Catherine Breuer
They come in many forms in most religions

5 **Christmas Lullaby** by Ernest Gordon
A young mother is shepherded through the Christmas rush

8 **The Jewish Holiday of Chanukah** by Samuel M. Silver
A brief history of the 'Feast of Lights'

11 **The Curtain Rises** by Diana Harrington
Diane Dupuy's puppeteers put on miraculous performances

14 **A World Conference On Peace**
Leaders of the twelve major religions meet

16 **The Visit**
A poem by Betty Leydon Augenblick

17 **Meditation** by J.P. Vaswani
A fresh approach to the new year

21 **A Conversation With Dr. James T.C. Liu**
"There must be something in religion after all"

25 **What Happens When People Don't Forgive** by Doris Donnelly
Ten probabilities – all of them unpleasant and unhealthy

31 **Aegis**
Poem by Carla Patsuris

32 **"Is There Anyone Who Is Sick?"**
An interview with Dr. Clayton Bell of Dallas

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An Islamic angel is depicted in this 19th Century Turkish painting.

ANGELS

by Catherine Breuer

IT will soon be Christmas. Shop windows are full of fanciful little angels in papier-maché, ceramics, or paper with delicate or shimmering wings. They bear no resemblance to the strong men angels of early Bible stories, but these sometimes charming creations can remind us of celestial beings.

The word angel has roots in Sanskirt, Persian, Hebrew, and Greek. The meanings which complement each other are "divine spirit" and "messenger" as exemplified in the great Annunciation to Mary.

We think of angels as being part of God's world but not the part which we can see or hear or understand here on earth. There are some things too full of mystery and wonder for us to understand.

Artists portrayed angels in various ways through the centuries

The Victory of Saint Michael over Evil, created by Jacob Epstein for the new Coventry Cathedral, shows contemporary return to strong man type of angel.

according to the time in which they lived and their own individuality. Early Christian art shows them as strong men as they were described in the Bible. During the Renaissance they were portrayed as graceful, feminine beings dressed in heavenly colors and with glorious wings. C.S. Lewis described 19th Century angels as "waterishly feminine." There is a tendency now in the 20th Century to return to the strong masculine angel image of the past.

We usually think of angels as having wings. Through the ages, wings have always been associated with the spirit. Horus, the Egyptian sky god, is represented by a hawk. Wings give man an additional dimension — the ability to soar upward — perhaps to God. The wings on Christian angels were borrowed directly from the Greek flying-nike figures, the flying messengers of the gods.

We also think of angels as having heavenly voices — especially the seraphim who worship God and sing His praises perpetually, as the heralding angels sing: "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace, good will toward men."

But the angels who visited the great figures of the Old Testament, and also the New, were not light-hearted singers. They came with urgent messages. Very often the first thing they said was the equivalent of "Hurry up, get going."

This sense of haste is portrayed in many paintings. One by Jacopo Bassano in the Princeton University Art Museum shows the angel hustling Mary and Joseph and the Child on their way to safety in Egypt. A peasant in this genre scene is emptying a basket of hens onto the road and actually giving one hen a push in the right direction. He had caught the urgency of the angel's message!

Another painting shows an angel urging Lot and his family away

from Sodom. This is a beautiful authoritative angel, with arm and hand and finger outstretched, pointing the way.

Many angels were powerful. One observed Daniel in the lions' den after another angel had closed the lions' mouths. Daniel was safe but he was very hungry. Just as the angel saw Daniel hungry he also saw the Prophet Habakkuk in Judea. The Prophet had prepared a tasty stew for the reapers in the field. The angel of the Lord said to Habakkuk, "Take this meal immediately to Daniel in the lions' den in Babylon." Habakkuk said, "Sir, I have never seen Babylon and I do not know the lions' den."

Then the angel "took hold of the crown of Habakkuk's head and lifted him by the hair and with the speed of the wind set him down in Babylon, right over the den."

Habakkuk shouted, "Daniel, Daniel, take the dinner which God has sent you!"

And Daniel replied, "You have remembered me, oh God, and have not forsaken those who love you."

In these different appearances there is a suggestion of profound mystery about angels which lies below the surface of our understanding. Our lives are affected by it. Perhaps faith is the only way by which we can come in contact with it. If we are receptive, we may, perhaps, hear the whirr of an angel's wing. This might remind us of God's constant presence with us and of His protecting power and love.

Catherine Breuer

A short story by Ernest Gordon

Christmas Lullaby

I WAS ANGRY. Damned angry. Angry with Mother for urging me to come home. Angry with Bill for tempting me not to go — "We'll have a ball!" Angry with the crowds that jammed the T.W.A. terminal at J.F.K. on this December twenty-third. And angry with myself for being angry.

My plane was late, and the departure gate had not been announced. There was hardly any room in the terminal to stand, far less to sit. My carry-aboard bag was too heavy. The strings of my parcels were cutting my fingers. And I was on the verge of weeping. I would be here forever. Only the worst could happen.

For a moment the human tide eased, and left me stranded against the wall. I seized my territorial imperative and sat down on my over-packed bag, knees to chin in an undignified pose, my parcels sticking into my ribs. Across from me was a pretty, young, dark-haired mother with a baby drooping in her left arm, packages and a suitcase clutched in her right hand, and a two-year-old dragging behind them. Moving bodies pulled and pressed them from every side. The sight was pathetic. A mother and her two babies defeated by the Christmas rush!

My pity soured to anger. There was nothing I could do. How stupid of her to travel at this time. To stand there taking up space. To be so miserable. So lost. The noise was nerve-screaming enough without adding to it the wails of her brats. My anger increased. I wanted to shout at her: "Do something, for God's sake!" The words began to form on my lips. They unformed.

A man — an old man — was standing beside the mother shielding her with his body. He was taking her baby. "I'll hold the baby," he said. "You look after the little one. She needs your care." The mother let her burden go, the beginning of a smile on her face. The old man held the baby. The crying ceased. The little girl looked up, mouth open, tears drying, dirt caked on her face.

The bag the old man had been carrying lay at his feet. With the baby in one arm, he shepherded the mother to a seat occupied by a young man who had a cigaret dangling from his lips. He can't be, I thought. But he was. . . . The old man was asking the young one to surrender his seat.

The young man looked embarrassed, shuffled his feet, but said nothing. The old man bent over him as if to help him rise. He rose. Blushed. And said, "Oh, sure, sure, she can have it."

The mother sat down, building her parcels around her like a fortress, and took the little girl on her knee. The old man recovered his bag and added it to hers. It was a peculiar-looking bag, made of canvas, with two rope handles, and tied with rope to hold in its contents. I wondered if the bag contained the sum of his possessions.

I was fascinated by the old man. He wore a long, earth-colored raincoat, open to reveal an old tan tweed jacket over a woolen sweater and a blue shirt with an unopened collar. He dominated my vision. Everything he did improved the scene. The young mother was relaxed. The two-year-old was laughing at something he whispered into her ear. The crush of people eased. There was space. He walked up and down in it, crooning to the baby and patting him with his right hand. His hand was large and strong. Long fingers, knuckles knobby, veins like mountains on a relief map. And the scar of a wound at the center.

Where had that hand been? What had it done? Was the old man a farmer? A lumberjack? A sailor? A carpenter? Or a traveler? Whatever he was, he was an outdoorsman. His face showed that: tanned and weather-beaten, clean and clear, strong and gentle, noble and kind. It was marked from looking into long distances and making quick decisions. He looked toward me. I saw his eyes. They were blue with the blueness of sea and sky: somehow both white-capped and cloud-flecked. I was sure he must be a fisherman.

The baby was cooing and clapping its hands. I wanted to clap my hands, too. For the old man was singing softly, in a deep vibrant voice, a lullaby I had never heard:

"Oh, my dear,
My bonnie wee dear,
Oh, my dear,
My darling,
Evening has come,
For you to sleep,
Peace is all around you.
Sleep, my dear,
By bonnie wee dear,
You are in His keeping.
Morning will come
And darkness flee.
Sleep, my bonnie darling."

It was a musical way of talking to the baby, whose little hands slowed, then stopped clapping altogether. The smile was still there, but the

eyes had closed in obedience to the gentle command of the song.

The mother was at ease in a tiny island of rest. The two-year-old was happily trying to defy the sleep that it was bringing.

The lullaby went on. The big, strong, experienced hand patted the baby in time with the melody. And I — I was no longer angry. I was glad. Glad I was going home to my own bedroom with the big old Canadian maple shading the window, the hallway cluttered with winter coats, the deacon's bench strewn with gloves and hats and things to be taken upstairs. I all but smelled the spicy aroma of mulled wine. I seemed to see the Christmas tree that Dad spent hours searching for in order to fulfill Mother's specifications: it had to be full, fat, and friendly-looking.

Then the young mother's flight number must have been called because her fortress of parcels was disbanded, and the old man was leading the way, carrying the baby and the bags, and protecting the others. His unruly thick hair was like a snow-white flag or standard. I watched it disappear along the corridor.

My own flight number was called next.

But I waited to see the old man come back for his bag, which he had left behind. While he was picking it up, I rushed over to him, tip-toed to kiss him on the cheek, and thanked him. He smiled, his eyes bright and peaceful. "Bless you, my dear," he said. "Go in peace!"

I watched him take off, old, tall, strong, and with a limp. His long, travel-worn canvas bag was out of place in the terminal. So was he. Yet he was at ease there as though it was all his to possess with his scarred hands.

I hurried to my plane and settled myself in. The old man was in my mind in strong colors and three dimensions. The picture I had of him was the best picture I had ever seen. It made me very, very happy. Within me there was a deep joy and peace.

I still heard the lullaby:

"Oh, my dear,
My bonnie wee dear. . .
You are in his keeping."

Who would sing a lullaby like that? Where did he learn it? How often had he sung it in the past? Where had he come from? Where was he going? What was his name? I guessed Joseph, Peter, Andrew, Stephen — a name like that. A name that belonged to mothers with babies and to Christmas.

(Reprinted A.D. Magazine, 1979)

The Jewish Holiday of CHANUKAH

by Samuel M. Silver

THE Jewish holiday of Chanukah commemorates history's first struggle for religious freedom. The war took place 165 years before the time of Jesus, in the land of Judea.

That country was part of a kingdom which came under the control of a Greco-Syrian king named Antiochus. Like Russia today, the regime permitted its conquered people to live, but banned any kind of worship except that prescribed by the monarch. His brand of paganism called for the worship of idols; one of the idols was of himself.

Every nation under Antiochus acquiesced except the Judeans. Enraged, Antiochus sent his armies to Jerusalem and planted his images in the holy temple there.

Against this desecration, a hardy group of rebels arose. They were led by Mattathias, a Jewish priest, and his five sons, who came to be known as the Maccabeans.

For three years the battles raged. The fighting Jews held off the mightiest armies that then existed. At first, there were only a handful, but then the Jewish resistance army grew.

Miraculously, the Jews were victorious. They routed the enemy and repaired to the temple where they conducted a ceremony of rededication. Chanukah is the Hebrew word for rededication.

Ever since, the Jewish people have celebrated the holiday for eight

RNS PHOTO

days. Worship services and sermons in the synagogue glorify the idea of religious freedom, the Maccabean gift to posterity.

In the home — and in the synagogue — a candelabrum (Hebrew: *menorah*) is the centerpiece of the celebration. On the first night, a candle is lighted amidst prayers thanking the Almighty One for inspiring spiritual heroes to make sacrifices for a noble cause. On each night thereafter, an additional light is kindled. The crescendo of light symbolizes the enlargement of forces engaged in a sacred endeavor.

Chanukah is a gift-giving holiday. But, as at all Jewish festivals, gifts are also to be given the poor. Contributions to charity are a fixture for all Jewish observances.

Sometimes called the "Jewish Christmas," because it comes in December, it is unrelated to the Christian holy day, except that both of them feature the kindling of lights, which in prehistoric times at this season was primitive man's way of signalling to the gods above that he was apprehensive about the dwindling of light.

In 1979, Chanukah will commence on December 15. The Jewish religious calendar is lunar-solar and swings within the orbit of the solar calendar which we use in the West. So, as is the case with Easter, the holiday falls at various times in our calendar.

When the Christmas season effervesces, Jews are caught up in the spirit of good will which permeates society. Christians might have good reason to rejoice over Chanukah, too, for had not the brave Maccabeans sacrificially risked their lives to keep the flame of monotheism alive, would that little country of Judea have given birth to its daughter faith 160-some years later?

The Chanukah saga is recorded in several books of that post-Biblical literature known as the Apocrypha. The Books of the Maccabees describe in detail the way in which the weak overcame the strong. It is a story which has been duplicated other times as well. Witness the triumph of a handful of colonists under George Washington against the British. Witness the incredible way a handful of British aviators held off the Nazi hordes. Witness the victories of the modern Maccabees in the resurrected State of Israel against forces which outnumbered them 200 to 1. The story of the Maccabees has also been corroborated by archeological finds. In the tenth chapter of the Book of John, in the New Testament, we read about Jesus's observance of Chanukah, which is known also as the "Feast of Lights."

In 1979, Christians and Jews will join, as they observe their separate holy days, in prayers that the Holy Land and its environs will at long last enjoy the blessings of permanent peace.

The Curtain Rises

on a miraculous performance whenever
Diane Dupuy's puppeteers put on a show

by Diana Harrington

"Could you write a short piece on Diane Dupuy?" The phone call from Princeton had some urgency since Diane Dupuy is hard to catch. Her company's schedule leaves little time between tours. She would be leaving for California in a few days.

Diane and I arranged to meet on a Friday evening after rehearsal at Bickford High School, a modern, urban building with a cavernous auditorium. I had just come from the Toronto Film Festival's screening of *Best Boy,* the story of a retarded adult who achieves self-reliance in his late forties through the death of a parent and the help of a cousin. I still felt the residue sadness and awe that his struggle elicited in me. I took my seat as the performance began.

As I watched, all the background information I had gathered about Diane Dupuy excited my anticipation. She had a dream one night. She dreamed she had formed a puppeteer group called Famous People Players, using Liberace as one of the characters. "It was just as if the good Lord had laid it out for me on a floor plan." She was inspired by the idea in the dream to combine her experience as a puppeteer with her work in the National Program for the Mentally Retarded.

After many trials and breakthroughs she developed an unusual show experience for her audiences. The operators of the puppets are invisible as they work on stage in black-hooded costumes in black light. Only the fluorescent puppets and objects that reflect light are visible. The company combines mime, sound, and dance with life-size puppets.

I concentrated as the show began.

The first image to dazzle my senses was that of luminous medieval banners and gigantic broomsticks riding through the air to wild classical music. The characters of Dukas' *The Sorcerer's Apprentice* began to come to life, their actions fluid, seemingly effortless. The objects floated like gliders, darted like kites, dipped like fishing bobbins. I was captivated. I could feel the grace of the performers as they animated the puppets and breathed life into *origami* objects. It seemed incredible to me that most of the performers were mentally retarded young men and women who had developed their abilities to meet such demands of synchronization of mind and muscle and even developed the further requirement of coordination with other actors. It moved me as a miracle might.

Then I saw Diane, a young woman with enormous dark eyes and a large but delicate mouth. She struck me as someone in harmony with nature in her ebullience and directed energy. I could see why she was able to create reality from a dream.

"Now listen to this, that was good," she shouted as she got up on the stage to direct. "Do it again. . . . Too fast, Tony, too fast. Turn sideways together. All right, thank you very much. Take five minutes and set up your props to go from beginning to end."

The performers did not mind Diane's shouting at them and the incessant repetition of an action. "We know when she shouts at us, she's really saying 'I love you,'" one of them said. At first it may take six months of training for a puppeteer to learn a sequence lasting a minute and a half.

Barefoot and lithe, Diane descended from the stage and came over to me. After the usual amenities we got down to the 'behind the scenes' part of her work. "I have the flu, you know . . . There's so much training. No one knows how much training! People always

Diane Dupuy

think of puppets as being Punch and Judy or something, not Saint-Saens' *Carnival of the Animals* or the orchestration of Disney's *Fantasia*. . . . Oh, the work! The timing! The agility! The synchronization! I have two new people and three off sick tonight. They've been working so hard for days now. Sometimes they just forget. . . ."

My mind flashes back to the film I had seen during the afternoon and the difficulties of establishing self-confidence in the handicapped.

"In the beginning," Diane said, "we had to have warm-up and dance-therapy classes for ten hours a day just to develop their coordination. Every performer must be over twenty-one, and we take a long time screening and choosing because the work takes such dedication and cooperation. When we worked in Las Vegas on Liberace's show—he, by the way, is our patron saint—he never told the audience about the performers' handicaps. He's wonderful. We've been lucky having the support of so many well known people like him and Tony Orlando and Lorne Green and John Forsythe and John Gordon Pinsent.

"I don't really like to talk about my calling, but, yes, it did originate through a dream. It's very private to me and it's why I do what I do. . . . Excuse me." With that, Diane went back on stage before the second run-through.

I could understand her reluctance to discuss her dedication because it would infringe on the privacy of her puppeteers, giving the wrong emphasis. Each puppeteer is distinct, each a separate presence though together they are definitely an ensemble. *They* are the stars, not she.

Diane's two small children, both girls, arrived with Diane's mother and watched the underwater scene. After the second run-through, the company broke to go over the rough spots. There were consultations, questions, encouragements, pats, and gentle touches. The black lights were lovingly put back in their foam-padded box. Diane's girls shrieked with delight when they were given piggyback rides. The birds, stars, octopus, and angel-fish were carefully put away. The house lights went on.

I was struck by the complete cooperation and positive enthusiasm among the troupe. Making my way upstairs and out into the crisp autumn night, I could hear, "All right, have a good weekend and get some rest!"

But from what I had just witnessed, those beautiful, gifted, eager performers would have gone on all night until the show was just right.

A WORLD CONFERENCE ON PEACE

The town of Princeton, New Jersey, has something of an international flavor because of the University there, the Theological Seminary, and the Institute for Advanced Study. But it was apparent toward the end of last August that something even more was going on, for the streets were filled with people from every part of the globe.

From August twenty-ninth through September seventh, over 350 religious leaders met in Princeton for the Third Assembly of the World Conference on Religion and Peace. This was the first time this country has been the host site for such a diversified, multi-religious group collaborating for global peace and justice.

Representatives of the ten major world religions — Buddhists, Christians, Confucianists, Hindus, Jains, Jews, Muslims, Shintoists, Sikhs, and Zoroastrians — participated in the Assembly's overall theme of "Religion in the Struggle for the World Community."

One of the most interesting sidelights was that the Chinese sent a delegation comprised of three Buddhists, three Christians, two Muslims, and two aides. This was the first inter-religious group to leave the People's Republic of China for an international religious meeting in nearly two decades.

It is heartening to know that in a world divided by power groups and selfish interests such efforts are being made.

The Visit

by Betty Leydon Augenblick

A moment in time has come and gone.
The memory of it lingers on,
for a holy man passed by today,
touching each life in a special way.
Extending to all a Christian sharing,
leaving behind a feeling of caring,
a caring for people of every race,
of every faith, in every place.
Even though we may never agree,
a spiritual father indeed was he,
inspiring in some miraculous way
the 'everyman spirit' upon that day.
The most beautiful thing he left behind
was the love of God for all mankind.

PHOTO BY SAMUEL CHAMBERLAIN

Meditation

A Fresh Approach to THE NEW YEAR

by J.P. Vaswani

A WELL-KNOWN HINDU, J.P. Vaswani suggests we start each day with a short meditation based on one of these thoughts gathered from a variety of sources — Hindu, Christian, Jewish, and Greek. It seems an illuminating *experiment to meditate in January as a way of broadening our horizons for the whole year. Perhaps you will find a few that have such a particular meaning in your life you might want to memorize them.*

January 1

If you can walk on the waters, are you better than a straw? If you can fly in the air, are you better than a bird? O brother, conquer yourself that you may be a child of God. —Abdullah Ansari

January 2

To do good for goodness' sake is to fire the heart with love; for we cannot help loving those whom we willingly serve. —Annie Militz

January 3

When fate is adverse, a wise man can always strive for happiness and sail against the wind to attain it. —Jean Jacques Rousseau

January 4

Let every hand give comfort to all living beings. —Rig Veda

January 5

It is only those we do not know well we do not like. The better we get to know them, the more we like them. —J.D. Freeman

January 6

Love is the key to every situation in life. —H.T. Hamblin

January 7

One day our Lord said unto me, as if reproaching me, what art thou afraid of? When did I ever fail thee? I am today what I have always been. —Saint Teresa

January 8

Abuse that is not answered is like the food rejected by the guest which reverts to the host. —Hazrat Ali

January 9

Better a dry morsel and quietness therewith, than a house full of feasting with strife. —Yiddish Proverb

January 10

I have learned through bitter experiences the one supreme lesson to conserve my anger, and as heat conserved is transmuted into energy, even so our anger controlled can move the world. —Gandhi

January 11

Pray as if everything depended on God, and work as if everything depended on man. —Spileman

January 12

The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without trials. —Chinese Proverb

January 13

In the coming world they will not ask me, "Why are you not Moses?" They will ask me, "Why are you not Zuzya?"

—Rabbi Zuzya of Hanipol

January 14

Troubles are like babies: they only grow with nursing.

—Douglas Jerrold

January 15

Remember this, that very little is needed to make a happy life.

—Marcus Aurelius

January 16

God wants the heart. —The Talmud

January 17

This mind of mine formerly went wandering about as it liked, but now I hold it in, as a rider who holds the hook holds the furious elephant. —Buddha

January 18

This I have learned from the Holy Spirit, that there is nothing deeper to know than to humble myself and, in all humility, ask for one thing only — the grace of God. —Swedenborg

January 19

Exaggeration is a blood relation to falsehood and nearly as blameable.

—Hosea Ballour

January 20

Bind yourself to all who suffer and are in pain. God is always with them, and that is an advantage to meet Him easily.

—Jamshed Nurrserwanji

January 21

Who is free? The man who masters his own self. —Epictetus

January 22

Half, if not two-thirds, of our ailings and diseases are the fruits of our imaginations and fears. Destroy the latter and give another bent to the former, and nature will do the rest. —J.P. Blavatsky

January 23

The higher the source of your illumination, the smaller the shadow you cast. Dwell in the shadowless light. —N. Sri Ram

January 24

Not what I have but what I do is my kingdom. —Thomas Carlyle

January 25

The highest freedom consists in complete devotion to God. With God begin, with God complete, the day. —Tolmachev

January 26

The vain man of intellect is uselessly busied with finding out the "why" and "wherefore" of creation, while the humble man of wisdom makes acquaintances with the Creator and enjoys supreme bliss even in this world. —Sri Ramakrishna

January 27

Haste not! Years can never atone for one reckless action done.
—Goethe

January 28

If you drop gold and books, pick up first the books and then the gold.
—Sefer Hasidim

January 29

Ignorance is the root of sorrow and suffering. And to destory ignorance, practice discrimination — between the Real and the Unreal.
—Rishi Patanjali

January 30

Before you can find God, you must lose yourself. —Baal Shem Tov

January 31

What God chooses for us is always better than what we choose for ourselves. If we trust in His wisdom and His love, we shall never come to grief.

●

Do you not see that you and I are as the branches of one tree? With your rejoicing comes my laughter, with your sadness start my tears. Love, could life be otherwise with you and me?
—Tzu Yeh, Tsin Dynasty A.D. 265-316

"There must be something in religion after all."

A Conversation with Dr. James T.C. Liu

Dr. James T.C. Liu, a newly elected Trustee of Fellowship in Prayer, has been a professor of Chinese History at Princeton University since 1965. Born and raised in China, he studied under Trustee William Hung. He was imprisoned by the Japanese during World War II and served as an interpreter during the Japanese trials for war crimes.

How do you go about stimulating religious discussion in class?

I break into it this way. I introduce briefly other faiths so my students can compare other options. In education, you always have to relate the known and unknown. In this case, the Chinese religions are the unknown, the students' own faith the known. When they do a comparative study, this clarifies their own belief, be it Protestant, Jewish, Catholic, Greek Orthodox.

Sometimes they begin to think "Which is the right one?" But I tell them that question should be postponed to the very end.

The next step in comparison is to try to find similarities or commonalities.

Finally they should compare the differences, even the contradictions. . . . Some beliefs may even be opposed to one another.

Through this experience the students begin to feel there must be something in religion after all. How come that people in all the different parts of the world, in different cultures at different times, are all trying to search for some way to explain the meaning of their lives . . . for the relationship between their little life and the big universe?

From then on I let them loose to work out their own salvation. I always go by what St. Paul said in Phillipians 12:2: "Work out your own salvation."

Do some get distressed by your approach?

Well, there's always a few who are psychologically disturbed. But these are the exceptional cases. The others during class become more serene. They all slow down and say "Hmm'm," because religion cannot be discussed in a hurry. You have to stop and think.

Do you assign them a paper to do in this comparative study?

I avoid requiring people to write about their religious beliefs.

Have you found there have been different phases of religious interest at Princeton?

It may be unfair to make comparisons. When I came in 1965, there was a sort of disinterest. Some people were apathetic. Some were very narrow-minded or pretty mad at the world. Others discussed the Vietnam war, politics, and such. When you mentioned religion to them, most didn't seem to feel it was relevant.

The change seemed to come about 1974 or 1975. Then there was a sudden rush. People began to take different courses in religion and comparative religion, in philosophy and even sociology. Like sociology, religion became a popular cause. But that tended to be overdone. Hundreds of people jammed one course.

I like the present phase now. People are seeing that religion is something important but something you have got to live with and work with through college. And it has to work slowly. And so the kind of interest I get now from my class is most satisfactory.

I see a tremendous value to students in this interfaith interaction and how broadening it must be for them in the sense of religious maturity.

Well, I will tell you about my personal experience. I don't know really how to classify myself. I had in my early education a Confucian background. Then I was exposed to Buddhism. If you talk about religion, I would classify myself a Buddhist. When you talk about philosophy, I'm probably more on the side of the philosophy of Confucius. But then I find myself here in America, and I like to work with Christians. In other words, I can describe myself as an ecumenical Buddhist.

But then I think I should turn the coin the other way around and call myself an ecumenical Buddhist-Confucian. And I hope that people of the Jewish faith might become ecumenical Jewish-Christians and Christians become ecumenical Christian-Jews. Then we can all work together.

Dr. James T.C. Liu

by Doris Donnelly

What Happens

THERE'S A WILL on file in New York that tells us all we may need to know about what happens when people don't forgive.

In the summer of 1977, a five-million-dollar estate was willed in varying portions to a library, a museum, a school, a medical dispensary, a chauffeur, and a church. The only surviving daughter of the deceased was willed nothing.

The exclusion from the will wasn't a surprise to the daughter; at least not totally. Ten years before the mother's death, in the middle of an acerbic and protracted argument, the daughter commiserated with her two aunts, the mother's sisters, who represented the opposing point of view in the family feud.

Both mother and daughter perceived the issues and solutions differently, but while the daughter was able to live within the tension of disagreement with her mother, the mother interpreted the daughter's independent vote as "defiance" and "betrayal." Deeply angered, the mother regarded the daughter's behaviour as something she was unable to forgive, and she vowed that some day the daughter would pay for "taking sides" against her.

Some might judge that cost to be excessive, since the mother spent the last ten years of her life, until she died at sixty-eight, vigorously campaigning against a reconciliation.

What happens when people don't forgive? Several things, all of them unpleasant and unhealthy. The story suggests ten probabilities.

When People Don't Forgive

• The first thing that happens when people don't forgive is what this story preeminently illustrates: the non-forgiver decides to be led by anger, pain or hatred — all three, or any combination.

When a woman lives through a bitter divorce, for example, she may exercise great caution in believing another man's avowal of his love for her. She might be thinking, "It's easier to end this relationship now before I get involved, because if I do get involved, you may withdraw your love and I will be rejected once more again."

The mother with the five-million-dollar estate faced the same set of options that the divorcee did: she could allow the anger and pain that she once experienced to be replayed every time the memory button was pressed; or she could come to terms with the pain and its cause and the anger and its cause, and make peace with these tyrannical emotions so that she might be able to make freer choices in the future. Anger unleashed can be cruel, but anger that is allowed to bubble and churn inside us feeds on our insides and debilitates and weakens us.

On one level we are all led by negative experiences. For me, it only takes one haircut that makes me look like I went through a meat grinder to convince me never to return to the same place and try again. The same if I endure one dreadful TV pilot at the beginning of the season: I will faithfully avoid watching all subsequent episodes.

Relationships, however, are different from haircuts and TV shows. Relationships involve human lives that beg to be reverenced through

commitments and promises, and that require a flexibility on our part to want to iron out differences . . . to build bridges . . . to mend and amend.

It has to be a sign of strength (and not of weakness) to hold out a hand readily for a handshake with our opponents and to say "I'm sorry" or "Of course I forgive you."

• Unless negative memories are healed in prayer or in therapy, they can lead us and direct us and keep us in a kind of bondage.

We all have a need for painful memories to be healed, because to leave them unhealed is to allow them a powerful directing force in our lives.

"My father never had time for me when I was a little boy. I remember one birthday, he gave me a baseball glove but wouldn't teach me how to use it. Another time, he gave me a fishing rod but wouldn't take me fishing. I still feel resentment over his indifference and neglect. I want to forgive him, but I can't!"

I am impressed, frequently and enormously, with the healing of memories that takes place in many of the prayer groups I know.

Sometimes we feel a general uneasiness about a person or period in our lives. At such time the prayer asks for bringing from unconsciousness to consciousness the place where healing is needed.

• Sometimes, of course, there are no good memories to reckon with. Stories that people have told us about their experiences in concentration camps, prisons, and orphanages, and even within families, are often enough, and tragically, negative.

What then? Even then, I believe, we don't have to be led by these bad memories. Even then, we can reach for a power and a force greater than those memories to direct us and to lead us.

Viktor Frankl, the founder of logotherapy, tells us that he was able to live through the horror of the Nazi concentration camp at Dachau because of his will to find meaning in the experience. Somewhere in all the suffering and pain there had to be a purpose, and the search for that meaning is what kept him alive.

Evangelist Corrie ten Boom writes (of her experience in another concentration camp) that what kept her and her sister Betsie going was the sense of mission to return and tell anyone who would listen that the human spirit is indomitable and can survive if it keeps faith in God.

The alternative to finding that faith or meaning, either of which constitutes a power of equal or greater strength than the painful memory, is to be guided, directed, and led by the memory — which, in turn, means that we are not acting freely.

Doris Donnelly

• Non-forgivers choose to focus on themselves — their own pain and hurts. Their feelings come first, last, and in the middle, too. They move deeper and deeper into selfish, egotistical behavior patterns.

Even though our mother willed her five million dollars to worthwhile causes, her gifts were without the authentic ring of love. Her largesse to her charities in no way redeemed the pettiness that consumed her heart.

In the end, after the dust had settled, she was recognized as selfish—and not only selfish, but probably tired as well. Exercising control over situations and people's lives can take a lot out of anyone.

• There is never a moment of peace for the non-forgiver. Non-forgivers are always on their toes, ready to pounce on their prey, ready to attack or to arrange for someone else to even the score. That kind of game-playing is what we could call, minimally, stressful living.

An employer who unjustly fired one of his employees years ago still follows the career of his ex-employee with a fanatical zeal. Whenever he can, the former employer feels duty-bound to say a few negative words to discourage other employers from hiring the young man.

• Stressful living, of course, can have serious physical as well as psychological ramifications. We are all one piece — body, spirit, and psyche — and when any one part is injured, chances are we can look for some effect every place else.

While the research of medical teams is in some way inconclusive, it has the certain ring of common sense about it. It's hard to imagine that a person is psychologically a wreck and that this disability isn't affecting the body adversely as well. Minimally it would seem plausible to expect a state of exhausion resulting from the manipulation and strategizing that goes on effecting revenge. Minimally. And quite possibly a lot more damage is heaped on the body in the course of the campaign to retaliate.

• When people don't forgive, their relationships with others are strained. We have all been treated to amusing caricatures of this type of encounter. Among the guests at the dinner table, only two do not speak to each other and thereby force the other guests to relay their comments for each opponent separately. This turns out to be very exhausting, unpleasant, and unnecessary for the guests. And, at its base, it is utterly destructive to community.

And the relationship is further strained by the joylessness that surrounds these meetings. It's anything but joyful to hear the story of self-centered woe over and over again.

• When people don't forgive, their relationship with God is weakened. The non-forgiver is compelled to place conditions on how his or her love will be acted out on the social level.

"I'll love X and Y, but I won't be able to love Z. And I wish, God, that you wouldn't show any special kindness to Z, either."

"I'll pray for the welfare of M and N, but I can't ask that you look favorably on O and P."

• Non-forgivers live with great dislike and great disesteem for themselves. The unforgiving person says something like "You're not OK for doing something wrong, and I'm not OK for letting you or what you did get to me. I also may be feeling guilty for not forgiving you, and because all of these things are gnawing at me, I am unhappy. I don't like myself. Which brings me back to thinking that I'm not worth very much."

It would seem when we hate we are displacing a great deal of energy that could be channeled into loving, into actions that contradict our loving side. When the spouse of the non-forgiver protests, "I wish you'd forget about him and your vengeance, and love me and let me love you instead," we are treated to a caricature of this situation.

• When people don't forgive, they feel unrelieved guilt.

Let's back up a little. Before we make a connection between non-forgiveness and unrelieved guilt, let's take a look to see where guilt comes from.

Guilt is triggered when we feel we owe someone something.

I can experience realistic goals set by my world and myself (a mother should feed her family), or I can experience unrealistic goals from my world and myself (a mother should prepare gourmet dinners elegantly served on appliqued placemats each night).

Failure to measure up to realistic goals produces healthy guilt. Failure to measure up to unrealistic goals produces neurotic guilt.

We cope with failure at the realistic goals by admitting the guilt, accepting it, and learning to live by taking it into account in the future. (If I did a poor job on a report because I saved it for the last minute, I can feel guilty. Next time I'll get my act together earlier.)

Coping with failure at unrealistic goals is a little more difficult. First of all, I'll have to accept limitation — mine or someone else's. It's not especially helpful to live up to an unrealistic image I have of myself or to expect someone else to live up to an unrealistic image I have of him or her. Secondly, I'll have to exchange or reduce the unrealistic goals for the realistic ones. Thirdly, I'll have to proceed

as above with the realistic, healthy guilt by admitting it and learning from it.

When I refuse to forgive, I claim a triumph for failure — mine or another's. Someone's sin or mistake or error in judgment can lead our lives. Forgiveness, on the other hand (and most importantly), is an invitation to redeem failure.

To do otherwise is to choose to live without accepting failure as part of life and without growing because of it. It is to live haunted, if not consumed, by a guilt that leaves all my relationships, including the one I have with myself, in a debit column.

(from BEGINNING TO FORGIVE *by Doris Donnelly, just published by W.W. Norton Company.)*

A group of children about six years old were putting on a Christmas play. One of the little boys was playing the innkeeper. At each rehearsal he was so sympathetic to Mary and Joseph's plight that he could not remember his one line "No room at the inn," but kept on saying, "Come in, come in!" Finally, at dress rehearsal, he said the line correctly, and everyone hoped he would do likewise at the performance. At the performance, though, he said, "No room at the inn, but you can come in and have a drink if you like."

TOM DUNHAM PHOTO

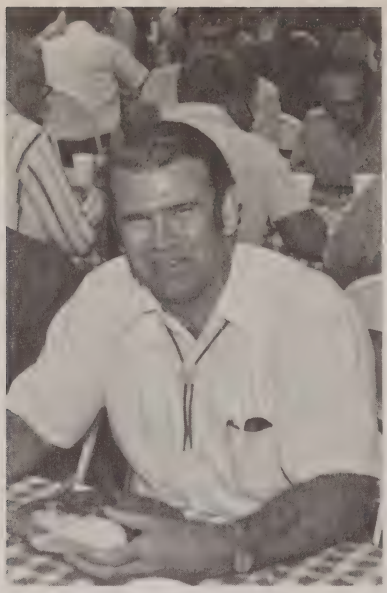
ÆGIS

by Carla Patsuris

The city wind,
The screaming wind,
Bruised by building towers . . . .
Beaten by the whipping winter-trees,
The shuddering and frozen wind
Riddled by the rain
Is clawing, now, against my door.

Does it know
My Maltese cat and I
Are purring warmly by the fireside?

I, in here;
The wind, out there. . . .
Have I thanked God enough
For this protective place?



'Is there anyone who is sick?'

An interview with Dr. Clayton Bell of Dallas, Texas

AN EDITOR of a major publication asked us to do a survey of the relationship between healing through prayer and medicine. The suggestion intrigued us because somehow each of these areas is concerned with making a person well. Yet too often they are seen as having no connection with one another.

The journey took us to four very different people, all of whom expressed, in their individual ways, God's loving and healing spirit — Dr. James Winslow, an orthopedic surgeon who is Medical Provost of Oral Roberts University; Ruth Carter Stapleton, who helps people become whole through an "inner healing" process, using Jesus as guide; Brother Mandus, a sturdy Englishman who runs healing missions throughout the world and reminded us of one of Jesus' Apostles; and finally Clayton Bell, minister of the thriving 7,000-member Highland Park Presbyterian Church in Dallas, Texas.

Dr. Bell — a large, handsome, and gracious man — alternates currents of magnanimity and incisive detached observation. We were

interested in how a relatively conservative congregation reacted to the current interest in healing through prayer.

"Why, we have healing services of prayer and wholeness every Sunday morning at 8 o'clock and we have a 24-hour telephone prayer-service manned by trained volunteers."

Later, we saw the prayer room. It was a small and simple room with a single telephone and a single flower on a table. The door was locked to discourage needless interruption.

"Wholeness and health come from the same root Greek word," he observed. "Most people are interested only in physical healing. However, there are many mental and emotional cripples who need interior healing."

He said that as a young man he remembered the last phrases of the *Song of the Plowman*: 'God took away my eyes that my eyes might see.'

"My father was a medical missionary in China. Every Sunday afternoon he made his medical rounds but not to see his patients on a medical basis, but rather to talk to them spiritually whenever he had the opportunity.

"When he returned to this country and practiced surgery, he would pray for each patient. One of his patients came all the way from Wilmington, Delaware, to Asheville, North Carolina, to have my father operate on her. She understood that he prayed with a patient before he operated."

Dr. Bell told us about his sister who had tuberculosis and was sent to live in New Mexico. The doctors told her there was no hope. However, she thought deeply about the passage from James 5: 15: "Is there anyone who is sick? He should send for the church elders, who will pray for him and rub olive oil on him in the name of the Lord. This prayer made in faith will heal the sick person, the Lord will restore him to health, and the sins he had committed will be forgiven."

"The patient asked my father if she could stop the medication and have the elders in the church lay their hands on her. They did this. Up until then she had been in a wheelchair. Three weeks later, she was running up and down the stairs."

Dr. Bell told the story of one of his parishioners in a former church. The woman was 36 years old, the lovely wife of a doctor and the mother of two children. She was diagnosed as having an advanced malignancy.

She called him one morning and said that she had been reading the passage from James and wanted the elders to pray for her. He immediately telephoned the 18 deacons and explained his reason for gathering them together. He bought a bottle of olive oil, and by noon

they were all in the chapel. He held a brief service of worship, a hymn was sung. Then, making the sign of the cross, he anointed her with oil. The elders prayed with him, laying their hands on her.

The woman died three months later. But, after that service, she became transformed. She was a woman who had always been shy about expressing her faith. If she had lived in a metropolitan area, she could have been called a member of the Jet Set, for she and her husband were social leaders in town.

During the last few months of her life, however, her bed became a platform of witness. She was concerned for her friends in their social milieu. She wanted them to rethink their lives and reorder their priorities. She had a profound effect on many people.

The woman died a whole person, one who had come to terms with people, her faith, death, and life.

"In the Epistles," Dr. Bell said, "James 5 is the most explicit in terms of the command to heal." But he raised a note of caution, saying that whenever there is a passage in the Bible commanding us to do something, we must be careful not to base everything on it. "When I pray for you, I do not pray that God will heal you physically, but I pray for the healing of your entire self."

One day Dr. Bell and his wife were at a golf tournament and were eating supper afterwards. He was called to the phone. Normally one of the other ministers would have been reached, but apparently they were unavailable. A child was sick and needed an operation. The father, not a member of the church, was a radiologist. The child had been diagnosed as having a malignancy.

Dr. Bell went to the medical center and took the parents to the chapel. He prayed with them. They were in tears. During surgery, a tumor was removed from the child's abdomen, and the doctors discovered the malignancy had spread to the lungs.

The couple was not religious, and Dr. Bell was aware of this.

Four days later, the radiologist called Dr. Bell.

"Do you think God sent the tumor to get our attention?" he asked.

Dr. Bell replied that it certainly had drawn their attention to faith.

Somewhat later, the radiologist called Dr. Bell again.

"I understand there's a passage in James. . ." and went on to quote James 5.

Dr. Bell arranged to have the child brought to the chapel and for the elders to lay their hands on him and pray.

Previously the X-rays showed a tumor the size of a quarter in the child's lungs. A few days later, he was X-rayed again, and there was no sign of the tumor.

The parents became happy, radiant Christians. The radiologist now uses his lunch-hour to talk to patients.

"Prayer," says Dr. Bell, "is the channel of communication that helps us to lay hold of the best of our lives. It's a means of communication with our heavenly father. And through prayer we can sense what He is saying to us.

"Too often we rely on rote methods of prayer. We begin to be too verbal. Prayer is really an attitude of the soul and a dependence on God. . . an attitude of openness. We don't need words necessarily for prayer. It is as though a husband and wife or two friends were in a car driving along for a period of time. They do not have to be conversing to be in communication. Prayer without ceasing has to do with this attitude."

Dr. Bell has a prayer list, but he does not feel it is necessary to literally read it through every day. "In one sense you are in contact with those for whom you pray without verbalizing. . . . The hardest discipline we have to make on ourselves is that of not always verbalizing our prayers."

He looked at us with a smile. "The way I open my day is to catch God's breezes."

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Dear Sirs:

I was never one to make testimonials of my faith, for, like Peter, I have my moments of doubting followed by mountaintop experiences. I have always shied away from the "dead sures" – they make me uncomfortable.

I find my God in the lovely blooms of my mimosa and in all that moves and breathes in nature. This morning there was a wonderful serendipity – a hummingbird. I had not seen one around the mimosa blooms for a number of years. I feel this that I see and know through my senses is surely the hem of the garment. I turn suddenly from my typewriter, and a part of it passes, taking away my breath with its beauty. I know I could not bear the glory of the whole garment.

– E.M., *Pennsylvania*

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Suggested BOOKS

PRAYER FOR FAMILIES by Barbara Owen Webb (Judson Press, Valley Forge, Pa. Paperback. 31 pages. $1.50) A slim but rich spiritual menu of supplications and statements of thanks for home use. Choice snippets of Scripture are interspersed with original prayers suitable for all occasions. —S.M.S.

LET THE SPIRIT In, Practicing Christian Devotional Meditation, by William E. Hulme (Abingdon, Nashville, Tenn. 94 pages. $5.95.) Dr. Hulme approaches meditation from a holistic basis interpreting body, mind, and spirit as a single unit. Always in Christian focus, he still draws from other traditions and practices. A practical, useful, interesting, and well-written book. —P.F.

You Pay an Awful Price For Doubt

Here's how the next twenty-four hours can change your life:

I want to tell you straight from my heart to yours, there is a dividing line between faith and doubt. There's a difference between a person who believes God for a miracle and a person who doubts.

You know, you pay an awful price for doubt. You miss out on God's miracles. You miss out on the nearness and closeness of God in your life. You don't have that sense of the presence of the Lord, without which you really just exist instead of live.

But when you believe God — when you believe he can do what no man can do — then you are within fingertip reach of a miracle from God . . . within minutes or hours of what may be the greatest miracle you have ever known.

— Oral Roberts